

SUPPLEMENT TO THE DAILY BULLETIN.

HONOLULU, H. I., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

THE PREMIER, THE REPORTER, AND THE POLICE.

The Premier, Mr. James Service, is undoubtedly an old campaigner, and, having been in office before, knows that a good defence is required against the insidious attacks of deputations and interviewers. He has, therefore, had his residence at Balacava surrounded by a stone-wall, topped with broken glass, while his garden gate has spikes long and sharp enough to terrify even the most persistent beggar. As an extra precaution, he every night makes his man lock the gate and take the key home with him so that, should his heart by any means become softened to the supplications of late nightly visitors, he is powerless to let them into his premises; consequently his peaceful slumbers are undisturbed, and his lawn at early morn has not crowds of promenaders waiting for him, similar to those which once followed another Minister of the Crown we know of—a Minister who could not find spikes enough in the colony to keep off the office-seekers who hunted him. However effective bars and bolts and spikes might be as against others, they are no hindrance to a reporter when he has work to do, as Mr. Service found out a few evenings ago. An Argus reporter, wishing to see Mr. Service on important business, proceeded in a cab to his residence at about ten o'clock at night. Finding the premises locked up, with a very wise discretion the reporter induced the cabman to climb over the spiked gate to rouse up the Premier, and tell him that a reporter from the Argus wished to see him on important business. Accordingly the cabman obeyed his instructions, and on knocking at the door the Premier presented himself in his night-shirt and cap. In reply to the messenger, Mr. Service said it was impossible to open the gate, as his man had the key, and it would be indecent to expose himself in the garb he had on at the gate, so that if the reporter wanted to see him he must run the risk of being spiked. Nothing daunted now, the reporter climbed the gate, and as he was descending on the garden side there was a moment of terrible suspense as he felt himself temporarily hitched by the nether garment. While this was going on, one of Mr. Service's neighbours had his attention directed towards the operations, and imagining that the cabman and reporter were burglars—their appearance justifying such a conclusion—he at once made for the nearest police station. Returning with a couple of sturdy policemen they all three placed themselves in ambush outside the gate, and waited for their

prey. By this time the reporter had finished his interview, and he and the cabman made their way back over the garden gate, the reporter at the same time anathematizing spikes and barbs of all descriptions. They had hardly touched the ground, however, when the two policemen pounced upon them, and in a moment had them handcuffed on their way to the lockup under the thorough conviction that they were the most vile ruffians. Explanations, however, ensued, and the reporter wanted the constables to climb Mr. Service's gate to ascertain the truth of his statement, with a hope that they would spike themselves. This arrangement, however, did not suit the guardians of the peace, but the reporter having been ultimately identified he was allowed his liberty, but much against the inclination of the constables, who thought they had made a haul.—*Melbourne World*

HOW TO DEVELOP A BOY'S BRAINS.

An incident in the school life of a teacher, as related by herself, illustrates our point. She had charge of a school in a country town early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about 14 years old, who cared very little about study and showed no interest apparently in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons, and detentions after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect. One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer to a question in grammar, and feeling somewhat nettled she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat he pushed the book impatiently aside, and spying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand, and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For 15 minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the earliest opportunity that day. "Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" and calling several of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits. They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect. Finally she asked the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to what his schoolmates had hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings, and feet of the little creature, so full and enthusiastic

that the teacher was astonished and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked and how it ate, and many things which were entirely new to his teacher. So that when he had finished she said: "Thank you! You have given us a real lecture in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in his pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted by this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonders open to his appreciative eyes. He read and studied and examined; he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography, and grammar, for the successful carrying on of his favourite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.—*Phrenological Journal*.

In general holiday times the workingman who is not a workingman, if he takes part in the frolic at all, catches up with his work at odd moments. He masters it if he must stay up all night to do it. The workingman who is a workingman joins in all the fun and lets his work go to the demerolion bow-wow. The workingman who is not a workingman is never away from his work. It goes to bed with him, and never by chance leaves him on Sunday. The workingman who is a workingman bids good-bye to his work at 6 P. M., and thinks of it no more until 6 A. M. next day. Perhaps the workingman who is a workingman is the more sensible of the two, but he is not the more industrious.

John Bannister, the comedian, was presented to an old lady proud of ancient and noble blood. The lady asked a wit of the day, who was present, "Who are the Bannisters? Are they of a good family?" "Yes," said the wit, "very good indeed; they are closely connected with the Stairs." "Oh," said the lady, "a very ancient family of Ayrshire—dates back to 1450! I am delighted to see your friend."

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

At Ragland, a Galician village about 10 miles from Cracow, a new version of the old farce, "the devil to pay," would appear to have been recently produced. The hero of this diverting performance proved to be an official personage—the judge of the village in question—who had assumed the character of "Old Nick" for highly reprehensible purposes. He having learnt that an old peasant woman living in the district had won a prize of 300 florins in the Cracow lottery, he thought him of a plan how he could transfer those ill-gotten gains to his own possession. Accordingly having dressed as the "Devil" he presented himself, as the clock struck midnight, at the old woman's lonely dwelling, awoke her from her slumbers, and in a hollow voice commanded her to hand over all her winnings upon the ground that "all sums accruing from lottery speculations were his 'perquisites,' and by him to be applied to the corruption of human souls." The terrified female at once handed over 75 florins, protesting she had that day lodged the remainder in the Cracow Savings-bank. Whereupon, the "Devil" informed her that he would call the following night, at the same hour, to receive the remainder, and with dreadful threats of "infernal torment," should she fail to fulfil his behests. The next morning, the old dame repaired to the Savings-bank for the remainder of her deposit. The manager being rather surprised she should want it out so soon, asked her reason; she than gave him the full particulars of the previous night. When his "Satanic Majesty" called at 12 p.m., for the balance of his "perquisite" he was received by "two gendarmes," who handcuffed him, and marched him off to Cracow, and there delivered him to the "Secular Arm," which will put a stop to his playing the "Devil" for some time to come. The old dame being so overjoyed at regaining the whole of her winnings, bent her steps homeward, singing "Nunc Dimittis."—*Melbourne World*.

A female servant, sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a fourpenny piece on the carpet, which she carried to the owner. "You may keep it for your honesty," said he. A short time after he missed his gold pencil case, and inquired of the girl if she had seen it. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what did you do with it?" "Kept it for my honesty, sir."